

look at it a little, piece meal. The first statement is: "The Lord is at hand." It is easy for us to feel that, if we had walked and lived with Christ in the days of his flesh, we would have known exactly what to do with all our troubles. There really was no use for Mary and Martha to have the long, dark and dreadful days leading up to and following the death of their brother. It all came to them after his resurrection, and they wondered that they had not trusted and had peace. Yes, if we had lived then in the common phrase, we would have told Jesus and left the matters too high and heavy for us to bear with him.

Now it is the very perfection of the Divine arrangement that he should not only be at the right hand of the Father, but present everywhere by the Spirit; so much so, that the Spirit could say through Paul, "The Lord is at hand." This thought rightly apprehended, led Bishop Huntington to say: "The soul in its jars and conflicts in the world is like a compass on an unsteady table. During the day it needs to be steadied, that the needle might find the pole." So, amid all the fluctuations of every-day life, we need to remember that "The Lord is at hand." Not simply in the heavens, nor in the church, nor in some accustomed place of prayer, but near to every one, and where we may turn our thoughts to him and invoke his help. Indeed, this is the very secret of a life of prayer that is going on through the busy hours of the day, and, through it, communion with God is obtained and the disturbances of the spirit quelled.

The next thought is that we are not to be careful, that is, anxious about anything. "Be careful for nothing." The word careful here is used in the sense of anxious, and it applies to the whole range of life, things large and things small, things present and things to come. All of them taken together are to be put at the disposal of Him who knows best what to do with them. In the face of such a passage why the dark forebodings as to the future?

But instead of care we are to make known our requests to God for everything, and this is to be done by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving. Supplication is a strong expression for prayer. It is when the spirit is oppressed, and we need special help, that mingling prayer and supplication with thanksgiving we are to talk with God of our wants. We are permitted in this way to make known unto God all requests, whatever they may be, and faith assures us that the best things will result. In this way all the weighty concerns of life are to be dealt with. Our children are to be carried to God, our work, our friends, and the great cause for which we live.

Doing this, care is banished. Being near to the Source of help, our hearts are assured that there is nothing too great for God. With him there are no difficulties. If in the onward progress of affairs with which we are connected, we come to the Red Sea, he will part it. If Jericho stands in the way, the walls of Jericho will fall down. Whatever the need of the case may be he will supply, as he can supply all things, not according to the measure of our ability or merit, but according to the riches of his glory in Jesus Christ. The result of this mode of life will be that the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. To many this is a blessed experience; to know it ought to be the effort of all.

Turning away from our homes and ourselves, and many personal matters which throng about us constantly, and looking to the work before us in Texas, which so greatly concerns us and about which so many have lost sleep needlessly, I quote the words of the great apostle, "The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." Do we need now an extra amount of grace! He can supply all our wants, and do for us above all we think or ask. Shall we need large contributions and many of them to bring the Lord's work out to his glory? The cattle upon a thousand hills are his, and all the silver and gold are his and the earth and the fullness thereof belongs to him, and he can turn a king's heart where he will. If instead of anxiety and worry, we will remember that he is at hand and make known our requests to him, it will be quite as easy to do great things as little things. The Lord is not straightened; his arm is not shortened, and his resources are boundless. I give Paul's remedy for worry, earnestly hoping that many who read will so have the Spirit on them and so learn to believe and live.—Baptist Standard.

Elasticity in Women.

A woman may have been endowed with a whole catalogue of virtues, and possess unusual faculties, but if she lack elasticity she cannot live broadly and must fail in the development of her powers; indeed, she cannot meet the ordinary circumstances of every-day experience, and fulfil demands upon her ability in a large way if she is not elastic in her nature.

The springy woman—what a blessing she is everywhere, adapting herself easily and cheerfully to each person and condition, finding among views quite opposite in the main to her own something to accept, and covering even her disagreement with such a mantle of courtesy

that the other party to a discussion feels nothing of the effect of antagonism in her opposition.

In the duties of housekeeping, how she can lift them to the plane of a fine art through her elasticity, and bring variety and beauty into what are called commonplace things! Most young brides who begin married life in a home instead of in a boarding-house, have their own notion about the management of their little realm. In many cases it is "mother's way" of management in the kitchen as in the parlor. If the nature of the one to whom housekeeping is practically new is rigid, then she will adhere in spite of everything to the old way, and go on mixing the same dishes year in and year out, refusing to accept improvements of any sort, no matter how reasonable their trial might be. Cast iron rules have defrauded many a home table of delicacies, and disappointed many a stomach by refusal to cater to its needs.

The elastic woman in society, if she is firm at the centres, is a social success. She has a smile, a word, a gesture, to offer at just the right moment. She is able to express the most hearty congratulations upon peculiar success or joy, and the next moment answer, with the fullest sympathy in tone and meaning, an appeal from a sorrowing heart.

In her own personal affairs her gift is of priceless value: a disappointment always bears about it something to which she can hang a hope; her defeats are never final, so she is never crushed, but rises from what would have been to the ordinary woman a final collapse, with a new purpose to win. She is born to ride the waves of trouble, and each time that she floats above a sweeping tide of adversity she becomes stronger to breast a new trial of her endurance.

The women who are entirely destitute of her saving quality are often ignorantly unjust to the one who can easily spring back from even the effects of a deep woe. Widows who, through their elastic natures can spring back into the old paths where, though always conscious of the loss of one who walked close beside them, they can yet be conscious of beauty and fragrance from flowers that still bloom along the way, are ridiculed and censured by those who are not able to understand the rare impulse of their natures. The woman who, with agony of soul, watches her treasured blossoms close with the darkness, and can still believe in the reviving power of a new day when what was hers of love and joy will be hers again under happier circumstances, can never be given over to despair.

The elastic woman as a traveller can only be estimated at her full value when compared with the precise one who is not able to accommodate herself to conditions, customs or habits differing from those of her own experience. The exactions and dissatisfactions of these serenely stiff wanderers from their homes can spoil the pleasure of a whole party of tourists, destroy the peace of a boarding-house, rouse antagonism in the minds of servants, and sting the landlady into exasperation.

Out upon the verandah of a Southern hotel were gathered recently a company who had hurried away from the cold and storms of the North, seeking a milder climate and the benefit of change. The outlook commanded a long stretch of beach, and upon the waters of the Gulf a variety of sailing craft were starting out from the numerous wharves, some of the boatmen in the red and blue blouses which, with the quiet skies and quaint surroundings, gave the scene a foreign appearance.

"How tumble-down everything is, and what slow creatures those sailors are!" broke in a rasping voice of one among the company.

"Oh, but it is all so picturesque!" exclaimed another, in tones that had in them a ring of delight.

There was a sudden turning of many eyes toward the flexible visitor, from whose features an appreciative pleasure seemed to radiate, and whose words, looks, and manner had saved the first impressions of the place from the depressing influence of the fault-finder. Poor woman! She had no intention of bringing a shadow above them, but she could not get away from usual things, and was bound fast by them. She was really to be pitied more than blamed, for she missed so much beauty and all of the glory of life through having firmly made up her mind to refuse to accept the unaccustomed thoughts and to take whole views of life.—The Advance.

My Native Land.

I see an op'ning door
And gloom, a threat'ning hand,
Ah me! no more, no more
I'll see my native land.

A weary traveller lone
I drift on towards the shore,
And hear the sad sea moan,
"Ah never, never more!"

O traveller, labor-worn
You'll strive upon the sea;
The sorrows you have borne
Are pleading now for thee.

A summer land you near,
Where happy you will roam
Forever, and not fear—
Thy spirit's longed for home.

Far, far away, beyond
The ocean's noisy strife,
Another day has dawned
For me—another life.

I see an op'ning door
And light—a beck'ning hand;
Oh, joy for evermore!
I've found my native land.

Salisbury, N. B.

ARTHER D. WILMOT.

In the Land of Evangeline, Wolfville, N. S.

Have you been to the town of Wolfville
In Acadia's favored land?
You should surely come next summer—
There is beauty on every hand—
Of Valley, of River, and Basin,
Of tides that come and go,
Of near and distant mountains,
And of green dykes smiling below.
With Grande Pre spreading eastward,
It's acres rich and wide,
And Cape Blomidon standing serene and bold
With his feet in the surging tide.
Majestic he stands, our dear old Bluff,
And proudly we look at him—
Then sadly, thinking of loved ones gone,
And pages of life grown dim,
Sometimes his head with fog is crowned,
But more oft with sunlight rare,
And he wears a robe of royal blue—
This cliff beyond compare.
Sometimes he puts on a mantle of fog
So thick he is lost to our ken,
(It is Fundy's gift)—but we soon rejoice
As he throws it off again,
Calmly he scans the Atlantic vast,
And the turbulent waters below—
Where the mighty tides of Fundy—
The wondrous tides of Fundy
So grandly ebb and flow.

You should stand on the hills of Wolfville,
It's sunny, fertile hills,
And look off o'er the varied beauty
That all the landscape fills.
And plan to watch the tide come in,
And stay till it ebbs away—
And do not fail to watch it first
On a pleasant summer day,
For when skies and waters are bright and clear,
Or blue waves are capped with foam,
And the circling mountains seem thronged in calm,
And sunshine fills "Glooscap's Home,"
And you scarcely find a fairer view
Wherever you may roam,
"Up to the hills I lift my eyes"—
Our hearts repeat the Psalm—
Looking off at those tranquil mountains,
So steadfast, blue and calm.
And bright horizons seem to chant
With mountains, cliff, and sea—
So! the Lord is round about His own
To guard eternally.

I have stood on these hills before sunrise,
On the top of Bonny Brae—
When a soft mist veiled the mountains,
And on dykes the waters lay;
And sweet was the dew freshness,
And the air was so pure and so still,
I heard not a sound but the chirp of birds
In the woods behind the hill.
The tide was in full but noiseless,
Watching, too, it seemed to me,
For the miracle of the sunrise
That God wrought so silently.
First—a rosy flush in the waiting East
Filled with tender, holy, light,
Then—I wish I could tell of the loveliness
That grew on my raptured sight!
We talk of painting the sunrise,
And many do in a beautiful way,
But only the Artist Almighty
Such colors on canvass could lay.
Or the wondrous tints that shone through that mist
As it rose and melted away.
And only His hand could paint the hue
Those radiant mountains wore,
Or the glory on the water
From shining shore to shore,
But the picture was framed within my soul
To be mine for evermore.
You should see our glorious sunsets,
You should breathe our healthful air,
You should watch the tide by moonlight,
And in the gloaming fair,
And what more marvellous can one see,
In travelling to and fro,
Than the mighty tides of Fundy—
The far-famed tides of Fundy—
That so grandly ebb and flow.

Another Wolfville picture
Seems always before my eyes—
On the hills alone I saw it
In a hush of glad surprise.
It was near the hour of sunset,
On a cloudless summer day,
When the sparkling waters that rippled near
Were blue as the sky far away.
The sweep of the shores ne'er looked grander,
Nor the Basin a lovelier hue,
And the distant Cobequid mountains
Were charming in turquoise blue—
The dykes where the sunlight lay brightly
In vivid green were dressed—
And the river Cornwallis, shining like gold
Was winding off into the West.
Many times I have seen all this beauty;
But I have never again
Seen Blomidon and the North mountains
Arrayed as I saw them then.
The fog from the Bay had robbed them
Fold on fold in spotless white,
And from base to summit they glistened
In that sunset's glorious light.
"To him that overcometh"—
The words came distinct and clear,
"To him that overcometh"—
The Voice was well known and dear.
And I longed for the Holy City,
For the promised raiment white,
And to see his face whose glory fills
That City day and night.
Wolfville, Oct. 1899.

B. R. COGSWELL.

*The Micmac Indians called Blomidon the home or house of Glooscap—their hero God.